

# UNIVERSITY MISSOURIAN

(Tuesday, August 17, 1915)

## COLUMBIA'S "WELCOME" SIGN.

A tourist from New England with his family was crossing the Old Trails Highway in his automobile. As he entered East Broadway, Columbia, one of the children pointed down the street and called her father's attention to the pretty banners that Columbia had stretched across its principal street.

"This town certainly is welcoming tourists," said the father. "That's an excellent idea and worth remembering."

By this time the automobile had entered the business section; so the family was near enough to read the beautiful signs of welcome. They stopped the car and the little girl spelled out the lettering on the first sign:

"Don't fail to see the Bilkins and Wilkins Wonderful Act at the Side Show Tonight" read the first sign. Another banner that stretched across between two modern business buildings told of an entertainment that had been held a week before. Still another, composed of pennants strung on a wire, told of other entertainments to be.

"This town evidently has gone amusement mad, since it has given over its principal street for advertising purposes," said the driver of the car, "and I guess I will change my mind about this being a welcoming idea to be remembered."

## A NEW BID FOR FAME.

Another way to boost Columbia has been discovered by the directors of the Farmers' Auction Day, the Retail Merchants Association and the Commercial Club.

Already known widely for its University and colleges, its Chautauqua, its Boone County Fair and its annual horse show, Columbia will be advertised in still another way.

Following up the suggestion of W. L. Nelson, assistant secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, Columbia will have an annual mule-colt show. The success of the show is guaranteed by the booster spirit of the citizens of Columbia.

Carranza's recent note to Lansing advising him to quit meddling in Mexico is like the ferocious bark of the small dog, which backs up its legs and running for cover the moment a foot flies in its direction. But Uncle Sam does not think it worth the while to let Carranza feel the kick. Carranza's barking may make a big dog of him some day.

Seven-tenths of the travelers out West this year are women. Why, we wonder—

## TEACHERS FLOCK TO OAKLAND

California City Entertains Members of National Educational Association. By United Press.

OAKLAND, Cal., August 17.—Thousands of teachers and educators are here to attend the greatest series of educational meetings ever held in the United States, beginning with the opening of the National Educational Association convention. This meeting, with the sessions of the International Congress of Education, of the nineteen departmental congresses and of twenty affiliated bodies, has attracted educators from every state in the Union to California.

Hundreds of the delegates to the conventions, which will last until August 28, have been attending the summer school at the University of California and others have been visiting the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco and the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego.

## UNIVERSITY MISSOURIAN

Published daily except Saturday by the students in the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri.

JOHN W. JEWELL, Manager

University Missouri Association.

(Inc.): Directors: President, Ralph H. Turner; Vice-President, H. E. Epperson; D. W. Davis, Frank King, G. W. Wynn, L. G. Hood, H. E. Taylor, R. M. Randy, Jr., D. D. Patterson.

Office: Virginia Building, Downstairs Entered at the postoffice, Columbia, Mo., as second-class mail.

Address all communications to UNIVERSITY MISSOURIAN, Columbia, Missouri.

Phones: Business, 55; News, 274.

Subscription Rates: Year, \$2.50; 3 months, 75 cents; 6 months, 1.25 cents.

# The New "Call of the Wild" KAZAN

By James Oliver Curwood

Copyright, 1914, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

(Continued from last issue)

## SYNOPSIS

Kazan—three-quarters dog, one-quarter wolf—is a giant and fearless team-leader of the Northern wilds, who has saved his master, Thorpe, from death and who has been taken by this same master back to civilization, when Thorpe returns to claim his wife, Isobel. Kazan, who has suffered no man to touch him with naked hands, surprises Thorpe by displaying a great affection and loyalty for Isobel.

Having returned to the North, Thorpe and Isobel prepare for a cross-country trip to the scene of Thorpe's railroad work, taking Kazan with them as the leader of their team. McCready, the guide, joins them for the trip and, with hatred, recognizes Kazan, who in return fiercely manifests his distrust and memory of McCready. Mistaking Kazan's leap at McCready as an attack on Isobel, Thorpe beats the dog unmercifully. Isobel interferes and explains.

That night McCready murderously assaults Thorpe. Responding to the cries of his mistress, Kazan breaks the rope that holds him and kills McCready. Fearing a beating, he disappears into the woods. Having definitely abandoned life with the humans, Kazan shows some diffidence about joining the packs of wolves that roam the country nightly, hunting. Finally he attempts to join a pack, makes a "kill" in a hunting expedition and is challenged by the leader of the pack. They engage in a fight to the death.

As swift as a whip-lash he whirled on the broken-legged leader of the pack and with the full rush and weight of his shoulders struck him fairly in the side. More deadly than the throat-grip had Kazan sometimes found the lunge when delivered at the right moment. It was deadly now. The big gray wolf lost his feet, rolled upon his back for an instant, and the pack rushed in, eager to rend the last of life from the leader whose power had ceased to exist.

From out of that gray, snarling, bloody-lipped mass, Kazan drew back, panting and bleeding. He was weak. There was a curious sickness in his head. He wanted to lie down in the snow. But the old and infallible instinct warned him not to betray that weakness. From out of the pack a slim, lithe, gray she-wolf came up to him, and lay down in the snow before him, and then rose swiftly and sniffed at his wounds.

She was young and strong and beautiful, but Kazan did not look at her. Where the fight had been he was looking, at what little remained of the old leader. The pack had returned to the feast. He heard again the cracking of bones and the rending of flesh, and something told him that hereafter all the wilderness would hear and recognize his voice, and that when he sat back on his haunches and called to the moon and the stars, those swift-footed hunters of the big plain would respond to it. He circled twice about the caribou and the pack, and then trotted off to the edge of the black spruce forest.

When he reached the shadows he looked back. Gray Wolf was following him. She was only a few yards behind. And now she came up to him, a little timidly, and she, too, looked back to the dark blotch of life out on the lake. And as she stood there close beside him, Kazan sniffed at something in the air that was not the scent of blood, nor the perfume of the balsam and spruce. It was a thing that seemed to come to him from the clear stars, the cloudless moon, the strange and beautiful quiet of the night itself. And its presence seemed to be a part of Gray Wolf.

He looked at her, and he found Gray Wolf's eyes alert and questioning. She was young—so young that she seemed scarcely to have passed out of puppyhood. Her body was strong and slim and beautiful shaped. In the moonlight the hair under her throat and along her back shone sleek and soft. She whined at the red staring light in Kazan's eyes, and it was not a puppy's whimper. Kazan moved toward her, and stood with his head over her back, facing the pack. He felt her trembling against his chest. He looked at the moon and the stars again, the mystery of Gray Wolf and of the night throbbing in his blood.

Not much of his life had been spent at the posts. Most of it had been on the trail—in the traces—and the spirit of the mating season had only stirred him from afar. But it was very near now. Gray Wolf lifted her head. Her soft muzzle touched the wound on his neck, and in the gentleness of that touch, in the low sound in her throat, Kazan felt and heard again that wonderful something that had come with the caress of the woman's hand and the sound of her voice.

He turned, whining, his back bristling, his head high and defiant of the wilderness which he faced. Gray Wolf trotted close at his side as they entered into the gloom of the forest.

## CHAPTER V

### The Fight in the Snow.

They found shelter that night under thick balsam, and when they lay down on the soft carpet of needles which the snow had not covered, Gray Wolf snuggled her warm body close

to Kazan and licked his wounds. The day broke with a velvety fall of snow, so white and thick that they could not see a dozen leaps ahead of them in the open. It was quite warm, and so still that the whole world seemed filled with only the flutter and whisper of the snowflakes. Through this day Kazan and Gray Wolf traveled side by side. Time and again he turned his head back to the ridge over which he had come, and Gray Wolf could not understand the strange note that trembled in his throat.

In the afternoon they returned to what was left of the caribou doe on the lake. In the edge of the forest Gray Wolf hung back. She did not yet know the meaning of poison-baits, deadfalls and traps, but the instinct of numberless generations was in her veins, and it told her there was danger in visiting a second time a thing that had grown cold in death.

Kazan had seen masters work about carcasses that the wolves had left. He had seen them conceal traps cleverly, and roll little capsules of strychnine in the fat of the entrails, and once he had put a foreleg in a trap, and had experienced its sting and pain and deadly grip. But he did not have Gray Wolf's fear. He urged her to accompany him to the white hummocks on the ice, and at last she went with him and sank back restlessly on her haunches, while he dug out the bones and pieces of flesh that the snow had kept from freezing. But she would not eat, and at last Kazan went and sat on his haunches at her side, and with her looked at what he had dug out from under the snow. He sniffed the air. He could not smell danger, but Gray Wolf told him that it might be there.

She told him many other things in the days and nights that followed. The third night Kazan himself gathered the hunt-pack and led in the chase. Three times that month, before the moon left the skies, he led the chase, and each time there was a kill. But as the snows began to grow softer under his feet he found a greater and greater companionship in Gray Wolf, and they hunted alone, living on the big white rabbits. In all the world he had loved but two things, the girl with the shining hair and the hands that caressed him—and Gray Wolf.

He did not leave the big plain, and often he took his mate to the top of the ridge, and he would try to tell her what he had left back there. With the dark nights the call of the woman became so strong upon him that he was filled with a longing to go back, and take Gray Wolf with him. Something happened very soon after that. They were crossing the open plain one day when up on the face of the ridge Kazan saw something that made his heart stand still. A man, with a dog-sledge and team, was coming down into their world. The wind had not warned them, and suddenly Kazan saw something glisten in the man's hands. He knew what it was. It was the thing that spat fire and thunder, and killed.

He gave his warning to Gray Wolf, and they were off like the wind, side by side. And then came the sound—and Kazan's hatred of men burst forth in a snarl as he leaped. There was a queer humming over their heads. The sound behind came again, and this time Gray Wolf gave a yelp of pain, and rolled over and over in the snow. She was on her feet again in an instant, and Kazan dropped behind her, and ran there until they reached the shelter of the timber. Gray Wolf lay down, and began licking the wound in her shoulder. Kazan faced the ridge. The man was taking up their trail. He stopped where Gray Wolf had fallen, and examined the snow. Then he came on.

Kazan urged Gray Wolf to her feet, and they made for the thick swamp close to the lake. All that day they kept in the face of the wind, and when Gray Wolf lay down Kazan stole back over their trail, watching and sniffing the air.

For days after that Gray Wolf ran lame, and when once they came upon the remains of an old camp, Kazan's teeth were bared in snarling hatred of the man-scent that had been left behind. Growing in him there was a desire for vengeance—vengeance for his own hurts, and for Gray Wolf's. He tried to nose out the man-trail under the cover of fresh snow, and Gray Wolf circled around him anxiously, and tried to lure him deeper into the forest. At last he followed her sullenly. There was a savage redness in his eyes.

Three days later the new moon came. And on the fifth night Kazan struck the trail. It was fresh—so fresh that he stopped as suddenly as though struck by a bullet when he ran upon it, and stood with every muscle in his body quivering, and his hair on end. It was a man-trail.

There were the marks of the sledge, the dogs' feet, and the snow-shoe prints of his enemy.

Then he threw up his head to the stars, and from his throat there rolled out over the wide plains the hunt-cry—the wild and savage call for the pack. Never had he put the savagery in it that was there tonight. Again and again he sent forth that call, and then there came an answer and another and still another, until Gray Wolf herself sat back on her haunches and added her voice to Kazan's, and far out on the plain a white and haggard-faced man halted his exhausted dogs to listen, while a voice said faintly from the sledge:

"The wolves, father. Are they coming—after us?"

The man was silent. He was not young. The moon shone in his long white beard, and added grotesquely to the height of his tall gaunt figure. A girl had raised her head from a bearskin pillow on the sledge. Her dark eyes were filled beautifully with the starlight. She was pale. Her hair fell in a thick shining braid over her shoulder, and she was hugging something tightly to her breast.

"They're on the trail of something—probably a deer," said the man, looking at the breach of his rifle. "Don't worry, Jo. We'll stop at the next bit of scrub and see if we can't find enough dry stuff for a fire. Wee-ah-h-h, boys! Koosh—koosh—" and he snapped his whip over the backs of his team.

From the bundle at the girl's breast there came a small wailing cry. And far back in the plain there answered it the scattered voice of the pack.

At last Kazan was on the trail of vengeance. He ran slowly at first, with Gray Wolf close beside him, pausing every three or four hundred yards to send forth the cry. A gray leaping form joined them from behind. Another followed. Two came in from the side, and Kazan's solitary howl gave place to the wild tongue of the pack. Numbers grew, and with increasing number the pace became swifter. Four—six—seven—ten—fourteen, by the time the more open and wind-swept part of the plain was reached.

It was a strong pack, filled with oil and fearless hunters. Gray Wolf was the youngest, and she kept close to Kazan's shoulders. She could see nothing of his red-shot eyes and dripping jaws, and would not have understood if she had seen. But she could feel and she was thrilled by the spirit of that strange and mysterious savagery that had made Kazan forget all things but hurt and death.

The pack made no sound. There was only the panting of breath and the soft fall of many feet. They ran swiftly and close. And always Kazan was a leap ahead, with Gray Wolf nosing his shoulder.

Never had he wanted to kill as he felt the desire in him to kill now. For the first time he had no fear of man, no fear of the club, of the whip, or of the thing that blazed forth fire and death. He ran more swiftly, in order to overtake them and give them battle sooner. All of the pent-up madness of four years of slavery and abuse at the hands of men broke loose in thin red streams of fire in his veins, and when at last he saw a moving blotch far out on the plain ahead of him, the cry that came out of his throat was one that Gray Wolf did not understand.

Three hundred yards beyond that moving blotch was the thin line of timber, and Kazan and his followers bore down swiftly. Halfway to the timber they were almost upon it, and suddenly it stopped and became a black and motionless shadow on the snow. From out of it there leaped that lightning tongue of flame that Kazan had always dreaded, and he

heard the hissing song of the death-bee over his head. He did not mind it now. He yelped sharply, and the wolves raced in until four of them were neck-and-neck with him.

A second flash—and the death-bee drove from breast to tail of a huge gray fighter close to Gray Wolf. A third—a fourth—a fifth spurt of that fire from the black shadow, and Kazan himself felt a sudden swift passing of a red-hot thing along his shoulder, where the man's last bullet shaved off the hair and stung his flesh.

Three of the pack had gone down under the fire of the rifle, and half of the others were swinging to the right and the left. But Kazan drove straight ahead. Faithfully Gray Wolf followed him.

The sledge-dogs had been freed from their traces, and before he could reach the man, whom he saw with his rifle held like a club in his hands, Kazan was met by the fighting mass of them. He fought like a fiend, and there was the strength and the fierceness of two mates in the mad gnashing of Gray Wolf's fangs. Two of the wolves rushed in, and Kazan heard the terrific, back-breaking thud of the rifle. To him it was the club. He wanted to reach it. He wanted to reach the man who held it, and he freed himself from the fighting mass of the dogs and sprang to the sledge. For the first time he saw that there was something human on the sledge, and in an instant he was upon it. He buried his jaws deep. They sank in something soft and hairy, and he opened them for another lunge. And then he heard the voice! It was her voice! Every muscle in his body stood still. He became suddenly like flesh turned to lifeless stone.

Her voice! The bear rug was thrown back and what had been hidden under it he saw clearly now in the light of the moon and the stars. In him instinct worked more swiftly than human brain could have given birth to reason. It was not she. But the voice was the same, and the white girlish face so close to his own blood-reddened eyes held in it that same mystery that he had learned to love. And he saw now that which she was clutching to her breast, and there came from it a strange thrilling cry—and he knew that here on the sledge he had found not enmity and death, but that from which he had been driven away in the other world beyond the ridge.

(Continued in next issue)

## VOCAL STUDIO

TERENCE VINCENT

Pupil of Homer Moore and S. H. Clark, Virginia Bldg. 2d Floor.

## HOUSE CLEANING WINDOW WASHING CHIMNEY SWEEPING

JOHN HOLDMAN

Phone 1382 14 N. 7th St.

## SHOE REPAIRING

EC DAWSON'S 100 24 South Ninth St.

## Yee Sing

will call for your

Laundry

12 S. 7th. Phone 745

## Dr. H. E. Stephenson

DENTIST

(Successor to Dr. R. M. Robinson)

408-10 Guitar Bldg.



Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. Makers

## ANOTHER PART OF OUR SERVICE IDEA.

We are always trying to give our best service to a customer.

## REPAIRING.

In our repair department there is a constant effort to do just a little more than the customer can possibly expect.

We realize that a pleased customer is an asset.

We are ever trying to do the best possible work in repairing, engraving, etc., and we finish the work at a specified time.

This kind of service to you must not be overlooked.



# Carpet Cleaning

## The OLD Way MY

Let us do your house cleaning the "Vacuum Way."

Single Rooms \$2.50 to \$3.00  
Rugs (9x12) 75c  
Office Rooms \$2.00 to \$2.50

PHONE 1 (Wynn & Thomas)  
**Vacuum House Cleaning Co.**  
1258-White (Two Phones) 1025 White